

The Stepford Plan



“And in conclusion,” said Mrs. Fibonacci, absent-mindedly smoothing her apron, “I can *guarantee* that once you begin following the Stepford Plan, and I mean *religiously*, your husbands will begin to pay more attention to you. Mitzy, you had a question?” An attractive young woman in a yellow chemise piped up in a small, shy voice “You said that all we had to do was run our tap water through the TriChem filtration unit. But Moe, my husband, is a plumber, and he’d see something was different right away.” Mrs. Fibonacci smiled patronizingly. “And that’s the purpose of these kaffiyehs that I’ve handed out to you all. It may look like an ordinary Arabian head scarf,” she said, holding hers up, “but its circular metal band contains a tiny transistor radio that implants hypnotic suggestions in the brain of the wearer as he sleeps. All you have to do is slip it over your husband’s head at night and TriChem and Stepford will do the rest!” Ruth, in a pretty blue dirndl, liked what she’d heard. “Well, you can count *me* in!” she said emphatically. The other six women readily agreed to sign up for the program, too. Only Jim, brilliantly disguised as his mother-in-law, Blanche, sat stonily in his chair. He had to report this ghastly plot to the Village Men’s Club pronto! But as he tried to excuse himself, Mrs. Fibonacci barred his way. “Blanche,” she hissed, “you don’t seem to be on the same page as the rest of us. Maybe you need a little convincing.” And suddenly, Jim found himself pinned to his chair by five pairs of strong arms as Betty – his own wife! – firmly pushed the altered kaffiyeh down over his head.